FAMILY LIFE IN MADRID (1922 – 1936)

Based on the recollections of Henri and Alice Lindegaard

On Monday March 6, 1922, at age 42, at the Iglesia El Salvador in Madrid where he was a pastor, Pedro Enrique Lindegaard y Caraballo married Adela Diaz y Yepes, a beautiful 24-year-old convert to Protestantism who was very devout and followed his sermons attentively (see their certificate of marriage at the end). They set up married life in the church complex, in Apartment 5A to the right of the main entrance.[1]

Enrique, a handsome man (*guapo* was his daughter Alice's term), 5 foot and 7 inches tall with grey-blue eyes, was admired and venerated wholeheartedly by his wife and children. He was very humble and devout, yet very erudite. He loved nature and took long walks with his children, during which he often had them compare the taste of water from different springs along the way. He loved plants and had found during his nature walks in Andalusia 18 species of orchids, a record, as per his son Henri. He cultivated his rare orchids and cacti in a separate room overfilled with plants. There were large potted plants in the courtyard. Later, a refugee in France with a family to feed, he cultivated a vegetable garden.[2] As she told Alice much later, Adela would remonstrate with him when he brought new plants. Once a friend advised her that she would

[1] For the layout of the church complex see "Enrique Lindegaard (1879 – 1944)": *https://our-lindegaard-ancestry.webnode.page/pedro-enrique-lindegaard/*

[2] "Les années de guerre": *https://our-lindegaard-ancestry.webnode.page/les-annees-de-guerre/*

do better, “knowing well the contrary nature of men”, to say that in fact she didn’t mind the plants, thinking that his interest might then wane. So she followed that advice and Enrique, delighted at the change in attitude, would happily go out and buy more. He also collected old watches (an interest perhaps passed on by his father)[3], and stamps.

Enrique disinfected himself his children’s bottles, had their diapers boiled, and treated their minor illnesses with homeopathic remedies (possibly passed on by Pastor Joseph Viliesid, his guardian after the death of his father and a practicing homeopath[4]).

Enrique was short-sighted and eventually lost sight in his left eye due to a detached retina. He was also 80% deaf, as was his half-sister, Julia. Beginning at the age of eight or nine, his son Henri accompanied him through the streets of Madrid to help him navigate safely. Despite Enrique’s poor vision, he spent long hours in his large study where two walls were entirely hidden by bookcases lined with books *[as later in the study of Alice’s husband, Verne],* reading, annotating his books, and meditating in preparation for three sermons per week, which he would deliver without the assistance of notes. Adela used to say that he preached from the fullness of his heart.

Adela (*childhood photo at left*) was born in Madrid on 14 July 1897 (a date that later became Alice and Verne’s wedding anniversary). She was named for her mother’s sister. Her son Henri remembered her as being “all and its contrary”, “Spanish to the tip of her fingernails with all that this implies of passion, ardor, generosity, violence, intransigence, devotion, mysticism, exuberance, exaltation, joy… there are not enough words to define her.”

[3] “Jacob Lindegaard – Our Danish Ancestor”*: https://our-lindegaard-ancestry.webnode.page/blank-page/*

[4] Protestante Digital, “Jerez homenajea con una calle al pastor Joseph Viliesid”, 29 Aug 2017: *https://web.archive.org/web/20260419210559/https://protestantedigital.com/ciudades/42895/jerez-homenajea-con-una-calle-al-pastor-joseph-viliesid*).

Alice wrote that her mother being the eldest of five children, had from childhood a strong sense of responsibility and devotion. She received a good education, both in art and in literature. She excelled in embroidery and lace-making.[5] This served her well in later years as a refugee in France when she was able to use these skills to supplement the meager family income.[2] She qualified at age 20 to teach primary school, and at age 22 to teach children who were deaf and mute, and taught for a couple of years prior to her marriage. According to Henri, she had converted to Protestantism from Catholicism (apparently, from what he wrote, her sisters and mother did as well). Adela knew of her husband's predecessor, Reverend Cipriano Tornos, and described him to Alice as an exceptional being. This suggests that she might have heard his sermons. As Alice remembered, her religious convictions were absolute and exalting. How one wishes one could have asked her about the circumstances of her conversion!

Adela's youngest sibling, Eduardo Yepes, became a celebrated sculptor in Montevideo, Uruguay.[6] Another sibling, Natividad (Nati), married Claudio Gutiérrez-Marín, a pastor, poet, and writer, and emigrated with her family to Mexico City, Mexico in 1940. Her other sisters Concepción (Concha) and María Luisa both married and stayed in Madrid.

Adela's mother was Juliana Yepes Arenas, born in 28 January 1867 of a milliner, Manuela Arenas, and a finish carpenter, Jose Yepes, in Villatobas, near Madrid. Both artists in the family, Eduardo and Henri[7], were proud of their origin in the Castile-La Mancha central region of Spain, home of the great writers Cervantes and Unamuno, and of the Yepes name, claiming spiritual kinship with the 16th century mystic and poet Juan de Yepes (Saint John of the Cross). Juliana's ancestry cannot be traced further back than her parents, because the archival records in Villatobas were burned during the civil war, as Henri found out when he visited there with his wife Beatrix in 1981.

[5] "Adela Diaz y Yepes Lindegaard (1897 - 1978): her lace, embroidery, and crochet work": https://archive.org/details/adela-and-her-needlework-in-world-war-ii

[6] Museo Torres García, "Yepes. La emoción del espacio", 2012: https://web.archive.org/web/20220419235402/http://www.torresgarcia.org.uy/exposiciones/yepes-2020/Libro%20Yepes_Museo%20Torres%20Garc%C3%ADa.pdf

[7] "Henri Lindegaard : Peintre et Pasteur": https://musee-et-archives-henri-lindegaard6.webnode.fr/

Henri remembers Mamá Juliana as intelligent and unconventional. He described her as small in stature (about 4 feet and 11 inches), with small keen eyes, and a direct gaze. Once when Henri was six years old, she took out her dentures in front of him. Startled, he ran off, while she laughed heartily. He remembered the licorice lozenges she would give him. In later years she carried a folding seat and when she got tired of walking, would open it and sit among the other pedestrians (she eventually died of a heart condition.[8] The first two pictures of her, above, show her as she would appear at their apartment on Sundays before church, dressed in black and wearing a veil.

Adela's father was Eduardo Carmelo Diaz Molina, born 16 July 1870—so 3 years younger than his wife—to Benita Molina from La Roda, southeast of Villatobas, and to Basilio Diaz, a shoemaker from Totana, even further southeast.

Above, his photo at left is shown next to that of his grandson Henri and great-grandson Pierre to show the family resemblance. Papá Eduardo was retired by the time Henri knew him, but he had owned a textile-dyeing business on Calle Ruiz (where Adela was born, and where Juliana had kept a goat for its milk). Henri remembered him as short, heavy-set, and round-faced, a man of few words. He would open the drawer of a closet and take out a big sheep cheese that he would order from La Mancha, cut off with a large knife what was needed for the day, and wrap the rest in an oily cloth. Eduardo was honest and worked hard to support his family. In an anecdote that was telling of his integrity, he suffered the lasting shame of the theft from his workshop of an expensive shawl that belonged to a duchess.

[8] "The Road to Exile: Barcelona 1936-1938": *https://our-lindegaard-ancestry.webnode.page/the-road-to-exile-barcelona/*

Adela and Enrique lived with their 3 children in the presbytery on the first floor of Noviciado 5. The eldest, Maruja (at left, nicknamed Marujita), was born in 1923. Enrique (Henri), was born on April 23, 1925 (below). One of Henri's earliest memories was of sitting on his mother's lap while she turned the pages of a book on animals. He would exult with cries of joy when the picture of the hippopotamus came up, admiring its size, round profile, and aquatic habit. Eventually, he became aware of how his reaction would make other people laugh, and from that point on, he admired the hippo in silence.

Both photos below were taken by a parishioner on the same outing in 1928. From left to right the adults were Paco and Julia (see below), Adela and Enrique.

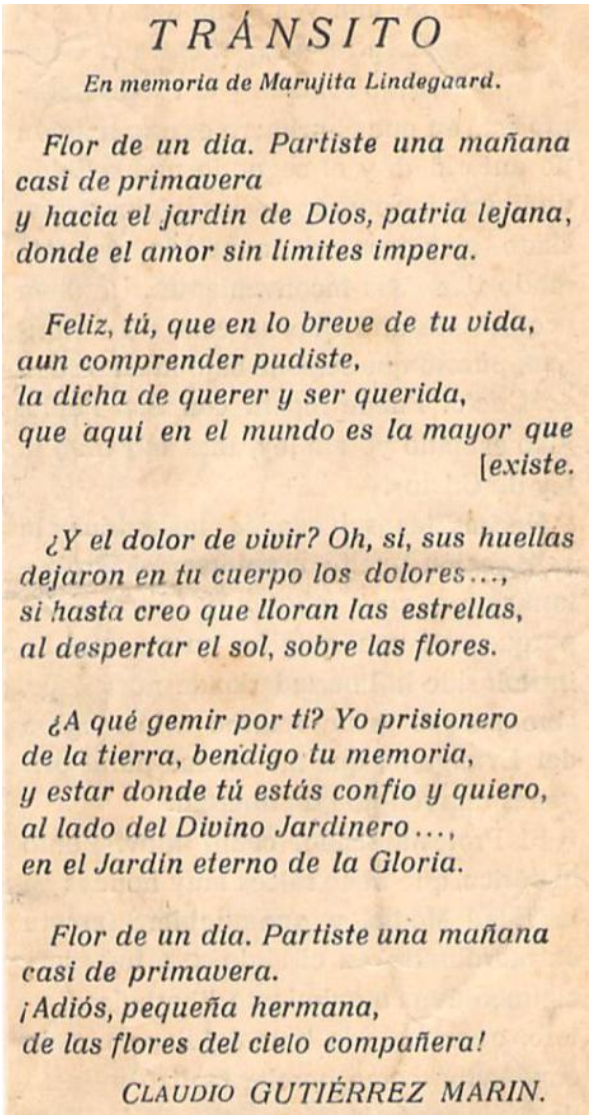
Alicia (Alice), was born at home on October 13, 1927.

Adela had a sewing machine and sewed a lot of the children's clothes. She believed that children should not start school until age seven and that they needed a lot of sun and fresh air, and gave them plenty of lentils for the iron in them. Alice remembered that in those days, Adela was of a rather cheerful disposition, and would often sing, operetta tunes and love songs, while doing the housework. She would intercede on their behalf with their father when they had committed some mischief or other: "They didn't do it on purpose", she would say.

Tragically, Marujita died in 1930, at 7 years of age, of a ruptured appendix. Henri remembered her as being very gentle and Alice remembered her once caressing her hair softly from her sick bed. In later

years, Adela would say that there was nothing comparable to losing a child, not even the loss of a husband.

Her brother-in-law Claudio Gutiérrez-Marín[8] wrote a poem in commemoration of her loss (*at right and translated below*), which Adela kept all her life, along with a little book of his meditations, *La vida es más* (Life is More).



TRÁNSITO

En memoria de Marujita Lindegaard.

Flor de un dia. Partiste una mañana
casi de primavera
y hacia el jardin de Dios, patria lejana,
donde el amor sin límites impera.

Feliz, tú, que en lo breve de tu vida,
aun comprender pudiste,
la dicha de querer y ser querida,
que aquí en el mundo es la mayor que
[existe.

¿Y el dolor de vivir? Oh, si, sus huellas
dejaron en tu cuerpo los dolores...,
si hasta creo que lloran las estrellas,
al despertar el sol, sobre las flores.

¿A qué gemir por ti? Yo prisionero
de la tierra, bendigo tu memoria,
y estar donde tú estás confio y quiero,
al lado del Divino Jardinero...,
en el Jardin eterno de la Gloria.

Flor de un dia. Partiste una mañana
casi de primavera.
¡Adiós, pequeña hermana,
de las flores del cielo compañera!

CLAUDIO GUTIÉRREZ MARIN.

Transition
In memory of Marujita Lindegaard

Flower of a day. You left one morning, it was almost spring. And towards the garden of God, faraway homeland, where unconditional love reigns.

Happy, that as brief as was your life, you knew what it was to love and to be loved, which is the most important thing in this world.

And the pain of living? Oh yes, its footprints left their mark on your body… Yes I even believe that the tears of the stars fall, at sunrise, on the flowers.

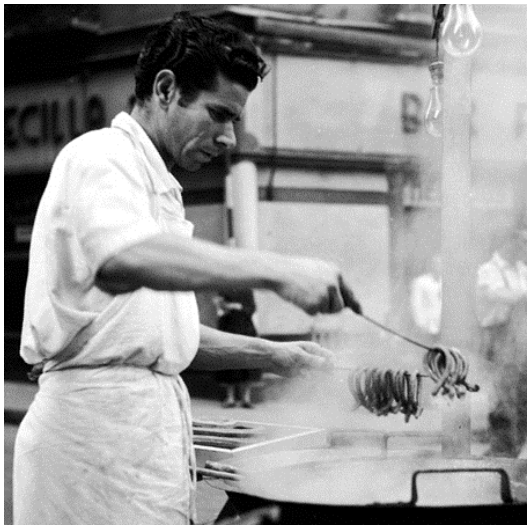
Why grieve for you? I, earthbound, bless your memory, and to be where you are I trust and want, at the side of the Divine Gardener…, in Glory's Eternal Garden.

"Flower of a day. You left one morning, it was almost spring. Good bye, little sister, companion of the flowers of heaven!"

Family life eventually resumed its course.

Alice learned to read with her father, around age 7 (following Adela's precept).

Occasionally, when the *churro* vendor came, the children were sent to buy some for breakfast. In Alice's memory, the *churros*, shaped as loops with ends crossed, were deep-fried in oil at street stalls, as seen on the photo at right.[9]



The *churros*, still hot from the deep fryer, were then threaded onto a flexible reed, with the two ends of the reed then knotted together to make it possible to carry the *churros* home without getting burned, see photo at left.[10,11]

Alice recollected Enrique making a delicious coconut-based dessert, or *dulce de coco*, that he remembered from his early days in Andalucía. Its preparation was lengthy because it was made from scratch. Two or three fresh coconuts were cracked open, after which their flesh was separated from the shell and grated finely. The grated coconut was then cooked down with sugar until the mixture was thick, after which it was poured on a plate and left to congeal, as in the photo at left.[12] The resulting delicacy was cut with a knife and eaten with a spoon, warm or cold.

Alice made it once from fresh coconuts in Indonesia. She would also make recipes passed on from her mother, such as *gazpacho* and *piriñaca*, the first a kind of cold soup and the other a salad, both based on raw vegetables like onions, garlic, tomatoes, peppers, and cucumbers.[13]

Both dishes are common in Enrique's native Andalucía and are pleasant to eat in its hot climate, with *piriñaca* originating specifically in Cádiz.[14] One can imagine Adela learning to make these from his half-sister Julia, "la tía Julia". Julia had managed Enrique's household and raised his first daughter

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[9] This photo was originally sourced from a website that is no longer online; however, the direct link to the image remains active: https://web.archive.org/web/20260421162858/https://aws.traveler.es/prod/designs/v1/assets/1000x960/31666.jpg

[10] Churrería Siglo XIX, "¿Conoces el origen de los churros?", 21 Feb 2019: https://web.archive.org/web/20240421093548/https://churreriasigloxix.com/blog/conoces-el-origen-de-los-churros/

[11] Mar Romero, "Churros: tradición castiza y dónde comer los mejores en Madrid", *Gastronósfera*, 17 Nov 2016: https://web.archive.org/web/20231202091515/https://www.gastronosfera.com/es/tendencias/churros-tradicion-castiza-y-donde-comer-los-mejores-en-madrid

[12] Carolina Pinheiro Geraldo, "Cocada de colher", TudoGostoso.com: https://web.archive.org/web/20260421180706/https://www.tudogostoso.com.br/receita/168292-cocada-de-colher.html?utm_source=Pinterest&utm_medium=organic%2A

[13] Wikipedia, "Anexo:Gazpachos": https://web.archive.org/web/20250821025647/https://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anexo:Gazpachos

[14] Wikipedia, "Pipirrana": https://web.archive.org/web/20251023174354/https://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pipirrana

Milagros after the death of his first wife, for some 11 years,[1] then had moved away with her husband and Milagros after Enrique remarried. In Alice's perception, Julia and Adela were not close. Perhaps the former felt her role eclipsed when Adela came into the picture. And Alice remembers Adela regretting not having been able to keep Milagros (who was 11 at the time of the move), but Julia and her husband had been unable to have children, so it was decided that she would live with them.

Julia, in Henri's recollection, was joyous and talkative ("*Es una cotorra,*" Adela would say of her—"she's a parrot"). She had light-colored eyes, cheeks like apples, and thick hazelnut-brown hair. Henri thought she took more after her Danish than her Spanish side, both in appearance and temperament.

Enrique used to take his family on most Mondays (when he would be off from pastoral duties) to visit Julia and Milagros, where they lived in the Cuatro Caminos neighborhood. They would not see "*el tío Paco"*, Julia's husband Francisco Romero, who was at work (*at left, photo of the Romero family in France, around 1940*). Paco was a school teacher and lay preacher (Henri once saw a collection of sermons in his handwriting), and an ardent Republican (he did not miss a meeting featuring celebrated Republicans like Manuel Azaña, Indalecio Prieto, and Francisco Largo Caballero and would return with palms reddened by vigorous clapping).[15]

On their return, the family would be accompanied by Julia and Milagros all the way to the steps leading down to the metro (*see photo below*). The ladies would walk slowly, chatting, arm in arm, "*un paso adelante, y dos para atrás*" (one step forward, and two steps backward), as Enrique would joke, demonstrating how he could keep up at that cadence. Henri, impatient, would forge ahead and often lose his way, gripped by the dread of being alone among strangers in the fading light.

But after a while, the family procession would inevitably reappear, still proceeding at a stately pace.

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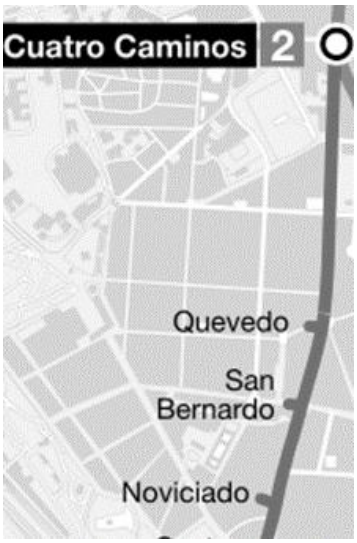
[15] Photos from top to bottom: Wikipedia, "Manuel Azaña": https://web.archive.org/web/20260318123249/https://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/Manuel_Aza%C3%B1a
Wikipedia, "Indalecio Prieto": https://web.archive.org/web/20251212134654/https://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/Indalecio_Prieto
Wikipedia, "Francisco Largo Caballero": https://web.archive.org/web/20260127124825/https://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/Francisco_Largo_Caballero

In Henri's recollection, they were headed for the metro. Alice does not remember returning by metro. Perhaps they could have also taken the tramway at times.

At left, the roundabout at Cuatro Caminos around the 20s or 30s, with steps leading down to the metro at center bottom; tramways are also visible.[16] *At right, metro line 2, starting in 1929, would have taken them directly to Noviciado on the 3rd stop.*[16,17]



On their return to their neighborhood, they would sometimes stop at a place where sardines were grilled behind an open window (*sardinas asadas,* another traditional Madrid street food[18]), and bring some home for dinner, still hot, along with beer for the parents.

The children once stayed with Julia for several days while their father was recovering from a cataract operation. Alice remembers that, being bored and having escaped the surveillance of their mother, they got up to some mischief, in one instance jumping on a bed. In 1938 the Romeros accompanied the Lindegaard family into exile in France, but returned after the war in 1945. After Paco's death, Julia and Milagros lived in the apartment of the concierge at the Noviciado church, where first Julia, then Milagros worked as the concierge.

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[16] Wikimedia Commons, "Historia del Metro de Madrid-Cartografico 1936-1939": https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=2714168

[17] Wikipedia, "Línea 2 (Metro de Madrid)": https://web.archive.org/web/20260204105449/https://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/L%C3%ADnea_2_(Metro_de_Madrid)

[18] Pedro Madera, "De sardinas por Madrid", *Marca*, 6 Jun 2018: https://web.archive.org/web/20180916010639/http://www.marca.com/motor/ocio/2018/06/20/5b27830422601d7e478b45a6.html

Henri remembered that on most Tuesday afternoons Adela would take him and Alice to visit their maternal grandparents, in their apartment on the first floor on Calle Luchana No. 32 in the district of Chamberí.

The building, constructed in 1919, had a bench in front of it, as Alice recalled, and she also remembered the balcony, from which the children would look down at the passers-by.[19]

The interior staircase leading up to the apartment was dark, in her recollection. Their father did not usually accompany them, being at work. In the same apartment lived Juliana's older sister, "*la tía Adela*", Juliana's two as-yet unmarried daughters, María Luisa and Concha, and a maid from Galicia, María. La tía Adela was paralyzed and Alice remembered her always in the same spot, sewing by a window, where they would go and kiss her upon arrival. Later, María Luisa, the last daughter to marry, inherited the apartment. After her death, her husband, Angel Perez, inherited it and willed it to his own nephews. Thus, it passed out of the family—a loss deeply regretted by both Henri and Alice.

[19] The photos of the building were originally sourced from this web page, but they are no longer available there: *https://web.archive.org/web/20260421010739/https://www.idealista.com/maps/madrid-madrid/calle-luchana/32/*

On the way there (only three quarters of a mile away but far for a child's legs), the walk would seem shorter to Alice with the occasional treats of *regaliz* from a street vendor (*such as the one at right* [20]). This consisted of licorice root sold in sticks, which were chewed and sucked to release the sweet juice.[21] In later years, licorice was one of Alice's favorite treats.

At left is a photo of the Plaza de España in 1930. It was just a 5-minute walk from their apartment, so Adela would take the children there for some fresh air on sunny afternoons. Henri remembered the statue of Cervantes enthroned, gazing at bronze statues of his literary creations Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. That's where Henri learned to ride a bicycle at around age 7. As Alice remembers it, Tío Paco just explained how to do it once and Henri then rode off! Alice looked up to her brother and admired him very much—he was her hero.

With the other children he also played games like hoop, leapfrog, and "coachman and horse," where one child would steer by means of cords attached to the arms of the child playing the horse. Alice would play skip rope and hopscotch. She remembered the delicious *barquillos,*[22] or cone-shaped, crisp, sweet wafers that were bought 3 or 4 at a time in little towers, a satisfying amount to nibble on at length.

[20] Miguel Molina, "Los tiempos del palulú", *Mis fotos de Madrid*, 10 Jul 2008: https://web.archive.org/web/20250618235043/https://madridfotoafoto.blogspot.com/2008/07/los-tiempos-del-palul.html

[21] In the 1930s, Spain was the world's leading producer of licorice, and it was grown in abundance in the villages around Madrid:
El Campillo, "El Palulú": https://web.archive.org/web/20260421004902/https://centrocampillo.com/2015/12/04/el-palulu/
Javier Tardío, Higinio Pascual, Ramón Morales, "Plantas silvestres alimentarias: Paloduz. Avellano", *Boletin Agrario Madrid* 35: 27-28 (XII-2002): https://web.archive.org/web/20240516160915/https://www.rjb.csic.es/jardinbotanico/ficheros/documentos/pdf/pubinv/RMV/252PaloduzAvellano.pdf

[22] Nowadays *barquillos* are sold in the shape of hollow cylinders. Photo above: two forms of barquillo, cone- and fan-shaped, 1940s: https://web.archive.org/web/20260421013514/https://es.pinterest.com/pin/860961653738188201/

[In the spring of 1949, just a few weeks before he was to meet Alice for the first time, Verne had been pacing up and down for several hours in that same park, composing his thoughts for a talk he was to give to Protestant youth associated with the very same seminary in Noviciado where Enrique had taught: "Just why was I so interested in the Spanish Protestants? I didn't know. At the time, I did not know."]

In other street games outside their home while the attention of their parents was diverted by the increasingly bad news on the radio due to the impending civil war, Alice remembers Henri and the other children teasing passers-by with a hollowed-out egg on the end of a string, whisking it out of range from their hiding place when one bent down to pick it up. She remembers the thrill of hiding. She came up with a game of her own where she would wait almost to the last minute when a car would pass by, darting in front of it and scaring the driver out of their wits (fortunately, cars were slower in those days!). Henri and Alice once played the egg trick on the concierge who was making an omelet, replacing one egg with a hollowed-out one.

The Caraballo family lived upstairs from them, with three daughters, Maricuqui (Maria), Margarita, and Elena.[23] Alice recalls once bringing them coconut cookies that Adela had made. Some were moist yellow balls made with egg yolk, and others were flatter and drier, made with egg white. Alice felt intimidated by the daughters, as they were older than her. She remembers that the oldest, Maricuqui, was on a diet to lose weight and that it did not look very inspiring. The youngest, Elena, was the same age as Henri and once, when they were both seven years old, she asked him: "Would you like to see the picture of my fiancé?" When he said yes, she replied: "Then look in my eyes and you'll see him".

Christmas was celebrated with the grandparents at their home, where among the treats to be enjoyed were baked *rosquillas*—María Luisa's specialty, and *polvorones*. Then they would celebrate all over again at Tía Julia's. She would serve hot chocolate for the children and *vino caliente* (mulled wine with cinnamon) for the adults, and a wide variety of *turrones* (nougat confections) from the pastry shop. They would all sing *villancicos* (Christmas carols), two of which Alice and Verne would later sing for their guests at Christmas, in a continuation of the family tradition.

As an aside, rosquillas can be baked or fried. The oven temperature for rosquillas must be just right and not too hot, thus the saying sometimes quoted in later years by Alice in tense situations: "El horno no es para las rosquillas" (the oven is not right for rosquillas).

Along with rosquillas, anise cookies and Spanish omelet were Alice's favorite foods as a child.

[23] By then, this family had been struck by multiple tragedies. They had moved in 1925 to Puerto Rico where the father, José Caraballo Quijada, a pastor and the first editor of the Protestant periodical *España Evangélica*, had taken up a position as editor of a Lutheran periodical, *The Witness*. Five months later he died of pulmonary tuberculosis, at age 34. Their oldest son, Adolfo, was sent to a Lutheran boarding school for orphans in New York. Then their son Rafael died of meningitis. José was Enrique's maternal cousin, 12 years younger than him. They had been good friends. José had a great sense of humor, and in earlier days in Madrid they would enjoy going on walks together and composing silly songs.

Left: singing for students at their home in Jatimulyo, Yogyakarta, May 1987. Right: at a family reunion at the "Smoky Mountain Retreat" in North Carolina in the summer of 1999.

En un portal de Belén, rin rin *Estribillo*: Yo me enremendaba, yo me enremendé, yo me eché un remiendo, yo me lo quité. Hay un burro y una burra El burro es el que me oye *Estribillo*: Yo me enremendaba… La burra la que me escucha *Estribillo*: María, María, ven acá corriendo, {que el chocolatito se lo están bebiendo} *(bis)* En un portal de Belén, rin rin *Estribillo*: Yo me enremendaba… Han entrado los ladrones y al pobre Don San José, rin rin, *Estribillo*: Yo me enremendaba… Le han robado los pantalones *Estribillo*: María, María…	At a gate of Bethlehem, rin rin *Refrain*: I was mending my clothes, I mended my clothes, I put on a patch, I took it off. There is a he- and a she-donkey The he-donkey is the one who hears me *Refrain*: I was mending my clothes… The she-donkey the one who listens to me *Refrain:* María, María, come here running, {the chocolate they are drinking it all} *(bis)* At a gate of Bethlehem, rin rin *Refrain*: I was mending my clothes… The thieves have entered, and to poor Don San José, rin rin, *Refrain*: I was mending my clothes… They have stolen his pants. *Refrain:* María, María…

En un portal de Belén, rin rin *Estribillo*: Yo me enremendaba… Han entrado los ratones y al pobre Don San José, rin rin, *Estribillo*: Yo me enremendaba… Le han roído los calzones *Estribillo*: María, María…	At a gate of Bethlehem, rin rin *Refrain*: I was mending my clothes… The rats have entered, and to poor Don San José, rin rin, *Refrain*: I was mending my clothes… They have chewed up his underwear. *Refrain:* María, María…

And this one:

Esta noche es Nochebuena Y no es noche de dormir, Esta la Virgen de parto Y a las doce ha de parir. *Estribillo:* Ande, ande, ande, la Mari morena Ande, ande, ande que es la Nochebuena Yo he comido pavo (bis) Y todos los vecinos se han emborrachado Ha de nacer un niñito Lindo, rubio y colorado Que ha de ser el pastorcito, Para conducir el ganado *Estribillo:* Ande, ande, ande…	Tonight is Christmas Eve And it's not a night to sleep The Virgin is in childbirth And at twelve she is to give birth. *Refrain*: Come on, come on, come on, Mari the brunette Come on, come on, come on, it's Christmas Eve I have eaten turkey (bis) And all the neighbors have gotten drunk A little boy is to be born Beautiful, blond and red Who is to be the little shepherd, To lead the flock *Refrain*: Ande, ande, ande…

At church, candles were lit on a big Christmas tree placed to the right of the pulpit. Each child was given a small paper bag, which Alice remembers helping to fill. It contained fruit—an orange, two or three mandarins, one or two bananas—a handful of walnuts in their shells, and a variety of candies, including chocolates. Alice would quickly hide her little bag, knowing from experience that she might be asked to give it up for some forgotten child or sick neighbor. Henri, more strategically as he was older, would quickly gobble up his favorite sweets. He had a sweet tooth and once escaped a spanking after eating an entire chocolate tablet by protesting that “he hadn’t done it on purpose” (probably an excuse learned from his mother, see earlier!)

Henri would play doctor with Alice’s dolls and “operate” on them, removing an arm or opening them up to see what was inside. Alice learned to hide her dolls, but Henri would ask her to whisper in his ear and tell him in secret where they were, and she would still trustingly tell him—after which a new round of carnage would ensue.

She remembered once ‘helping’ a boy at church who was in charge of operating the bellows behind the pump organ (*photo at right*) when hymns were sung, and their chattering disturbed her father to the point where he descended from the pulpit in the middle of the service and ordered her to go sit next to her mother.

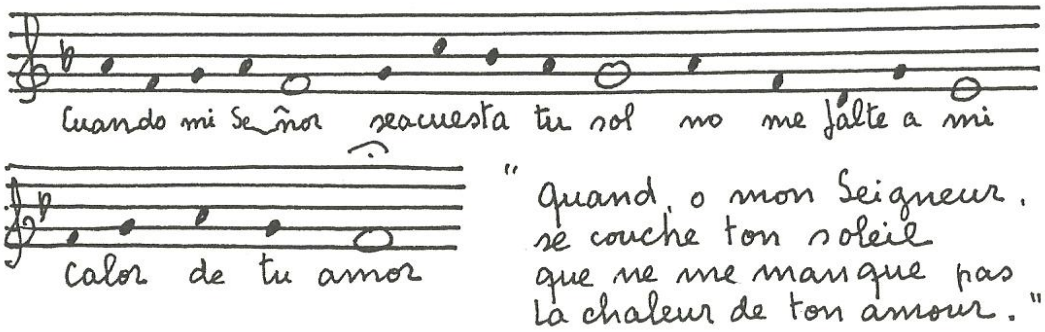
The family would occasionally stay at the grandparents’ little country cottage in the suburbs of Madrid (*la casa del campo*, acquired by Papá Eduardo in his later years, see photo at the end). Alice remembered walks among the hills and pine trees with her father. Once when they were summoned for a walk, Henri and Alice pretended to be sick, plotting to spend the time playing instead. Enrique then solicitously put them to bed, thus thwarting their little scheme. Juliana would cook in a big pot on an outdoor fire, most often a rabbit stew, which they would eat outside.

The family’s first out-of-town vacation, with Milagros and her parents, and with Enrique visiting on Mondays, was in 1934 at San Lorenzo de El Escorial, about an hour from Madrid. The family would walk near ‘*La Silla del Rey*’ (The Seat of the King), a big rock with beautiful views of the village and its palace, and Mount Abantos beyond (*the postcard below from 1900 shows the view from the rock). Legend had it that in the 16th century, King Felipe II used to look from that viewpoint at the palace as it was being built.*

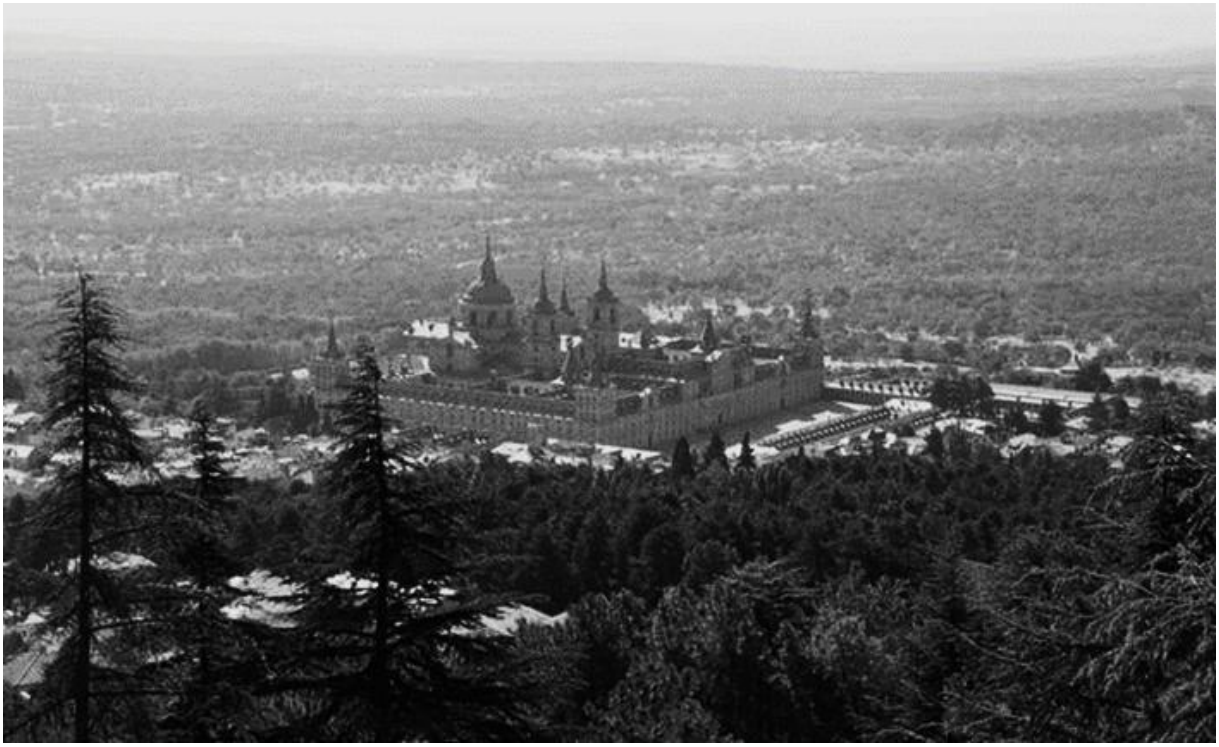
https://web.archive.org/web/20260421022451/https://www.memoriademadrid.es/view/440759/em-el-escorial-em-em-vista-desde-la-silla-de-felipe-ii-em?q=must,any_exclude_fulltext,contains,El%20Escorial%20Vista%20desde%20la%20silla%20de%20Felipe%20II&offset=0&limit=50

On afternoon walks with the family, Tío Paco would sometimes carry Alice on his shoulders when she got tired. She remembered that Henri once fell, resulting in a bleeding gash on his forehead. It was during morning walks on Mount Abantos that Enrique would have his children taste the water from different springs along the way, comparing their taste, as if he was sampling different varieties of wine.

The family returned the next summer, this time renting a house in the pine trees at the top of the village, in the foothills of Mount Abantos (*so on the far side of the view in the postcard above*). It was near a road overlooking the village and palace, from where one could see both sunrise and sunset, that Enrique had nicknamed "*el mirador de la aurora"* (the viewpoint of dawn). That summer he composed the following hymn, transcribed in later years by Henri ("When your sun sets, my Lord, may I not be deprived of the warmth of your love").


Cuando mi Señor se acuesta tu sol no me falte a mi
calor de tu amor
" quand, o mon Seigneur,
se couche ton soleil
que ne me manque pas
la chaleur de ton amour. "

Below, the view from Mount Abantos, on the other side of *La Silla del Rey*, near where the family might have rented their vacation home.



https://web.archive.org/web/20260421022019/https://www.minube.net/place/viewpoint-of-abantos--a603991

In 1953, Alice and Verne traveled to Spain, accompanied by Adela and Jean. While Adela stayed behind with Jean, Alice and Verne visited El Escorial with María Luisa and her husband, Angel.

Verne, María Luisa, and Angel. The photo must have been taken by Alice.

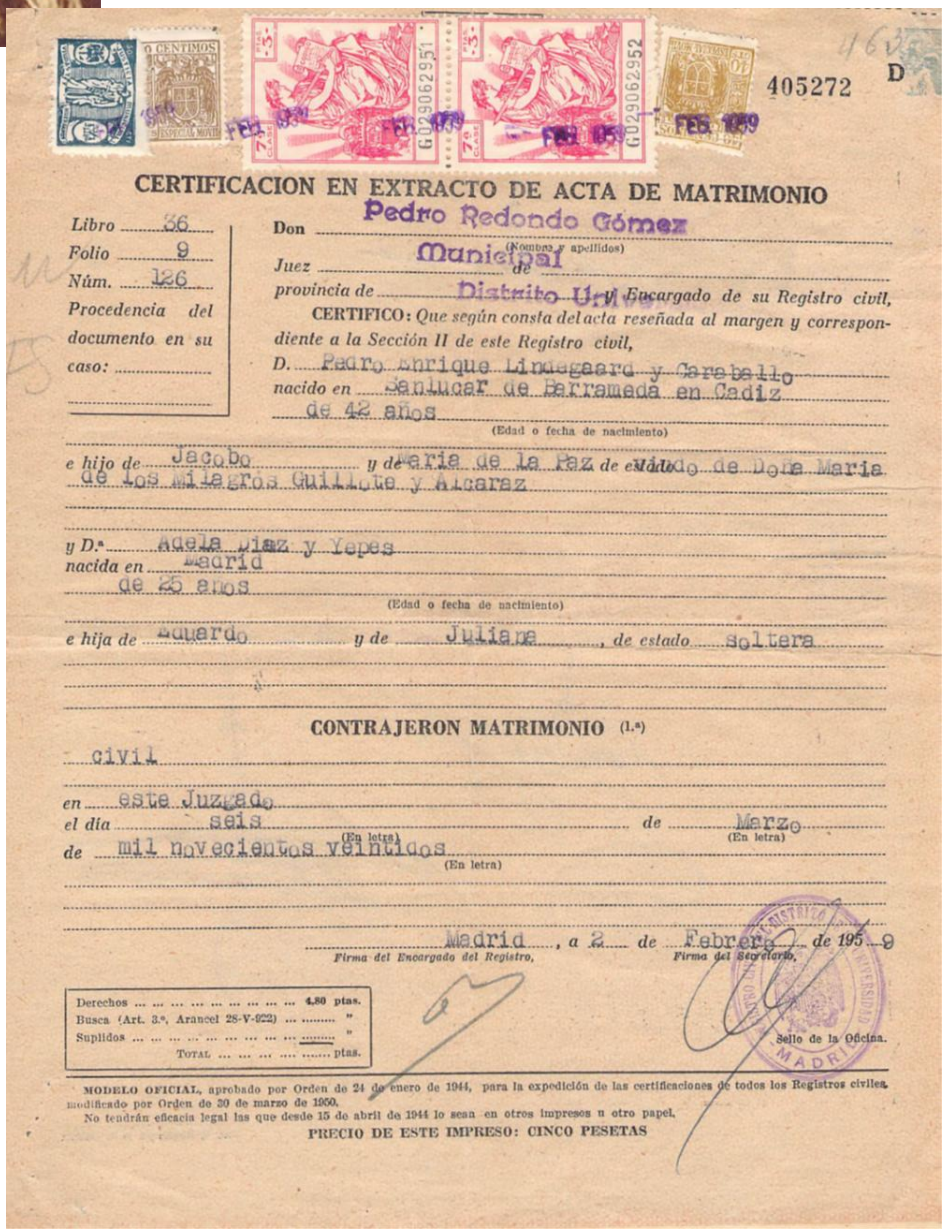
The above undated photo, taken at *la casa del campo,* is in the book on Eduardo Yepes cited above, page 12.[6] Eduardo may have photographed the group himself in late spring 1936, having just returned from Uruguay with his wife Olimpia, after a two-year absence. Seated at right is Mamá Juliana (incidentally wearing a wig in this photo[8]), with Papá Eduardo next to her, and behind her, two of their daughters, Concha and María Luisa. Next to Concha is her husband Jacinto Gutiérrez Morcillo. Seated at left could be Juliana's paralyzed sister Adela, or Jacinto's aunt (Jacinto's parents had died within 11 days of each other in 1925, ages 51 and 52, both of tubercular pneumonia, when he was 22). The little boy is Fernando, Concha and Jacinto's son, who would have then been almost two years old, though he appears older in the photo.

Tragedy would strike within months of this joyous occasion, with the start of the civil war in July 1936 and the death of Jacinto's older brother, Justo Julián Gutiérrez Morcillo, on 21 October 1936, in the Castle of Mora near Toledo, at age 36. He was a supporter of Franco and was shot by the Republicans (see *The road to exile: Barcelona 1936-1938*[8] for some background on the civil war).

Papá Eduardo was asthmatic and died of emphysema soon after this photo was taken, at age 66, and Mamá Juliana sometime in early 1938, of heart disease, at age 71.

At left, Alice and Henri shortly before their life was upended by the Spanish civil war.[8] Alice was 9, Henri 11.

Below is the wedding certificate of Enrique and Adela. Unfortunately, no commemorative photo of the event remains. One regrets not having asked Adela why!



405272 D

CERTIFICACION EN EXTRACTO DE ACTA DE MATRIMONIO

Libro 36
Folio 9
Núm. 126
Procedencia del documento en su caso:

Don Pedro Redondo Gómez (Nombre y apellidos)
Juez Municipal de
provincia de Distrito Uno Encargado de su Registro civil,
CERTIFICO: Que según consta del acta reseñada al margen y correspondiente a la Sección II de este Registro civil,
D. Pedro Enrique Lindegaard y Carballo
nacido en Sanlucar de Barrameda en Cadiz
de 42 años (Edad o fecha de nacimiento)
e hijo de Jacobo y de Maria de la Paz de estado de Doña Maria de los Milagros Guillote y Alcaraz

y D.ª Adela Diaz y Lopez
nacida en Madrid
de 25 años (Edad o fecha de nacimiento)
e hija de Eduardo y de Juliana, de estado soltera

CONTRAJERON MATRIMONIO (1.º)
civil
en este Juzgado
el día seis (En letra) de Marzo (En letra)
de mil novecientos veintidos (En letra)

Madrid, a 2 de Febrero de 195 9
Firma del Encargado del Registro. Firma del Secretario.

Derechos ... 4,80 ptas.
Busca (Art. 3.º, Arancel 28-V-922) ... "
Suplidos ... "
TOTAL ... ptas.

Sello de la Oficina.

MODELO OFICIAL, aprobado por Orden de 24 de enero de 1944, para la expedición de las certificaciones de todos los Registros civiles, modificado por Orden de 30 de marzo de 1950.
No tendrán eficacia legal las que desde 15 de abril de 1944 lo sean en otros impresos u otro papel.
PRECIO DE ESTE IMPRESO: CINCO PESETAS